

Saigon Kick, Peppermint Tribe

Yes, I come from the Peppermint Tribe where people come and then they die.

To hail me. To hail me.

With tomahawks of candy cane we split their heads and eat the brains.

Hail me. Oh, hail me.

All the while I see your face is turning. Hold the fire while the clock keeps ticking.

Talk of Jesus, still your pain won't end. Ask forgiveness though your mind is lying.

Slippin' through, time's slippin' through your hands.

With guns of chalk we write our names. We wrote the book. We author pain.

Hail me. Hail me.

The T.V. speaks in murderous rhymes. The clues we leave and hope you'll find.

Hail me. Oh hail me.

Yes, we come from the Peppermint tribe where losers come to fix their mind.

Hail me. Oh, hail me.

With giant walls are sugar made we close you in and build the grave.

The witches dancing inside their caves. The people all go insane from the Peppermint Tribe.